

Bounce U

by pharmtechgrl71

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Summary: Daryl works part time at a kids bounce house and hates it, but maybe today he hates it a little less. Daryl/OFC

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Goddamn, Daryl hated this job. It was one of the most humiliating things he had ever done in his life. He had been forced to get a part time job to pay for his brother's legal expenses; the bastard had racked up thousands of dollars in attorney's fees and skipped town as soon as the judge declared him not guilty. During the week he had a respectable job working construction, but on the weekends he humiliated himself running after a bunch of screaming, disrespectful, snot nose kids in a Goddamn Fucking Bounce House. He had always liked kids, well not exactly liked them, but tolerated them pretty damn good, but this birthday party/free time, run around with your lungs hanging out while mommy sits in a corner trying to forget you exist shit was going to cause him to patrol the rooms with his crossbow. That wasn't even the most humiliating thing about the job. He was a good twenty years older than the jocks and prom queens that he worked with. He knew that every one of those adolescent motherfuckers were spending their breaks and lunches fucking each other in any empty room they could find.

This Saturday, Daryl was assigned to work the Grimes birthday party. The birthday boy, Carl, was turning nine and his parents had spared no expense. They had ordered the full party package complete with cake and ice cream, goody bags for the guests and one full hour of extra playtime. He was still a little hung over from the night before and staggered into Monkey Joe's a full ten minutes before the party was scheduled to start. The lobby was full of screaming kids, running around and making complete assholes of themselves; the parents blissfully unaware of the havoc going on around them. Daryl dashed into the back room to get ready for his shift and ran into Nicholas and Spencer; the two other employees he would be working the party

with. "Good fucking lord that's a shitload of kids out there," Daryl remarked once he was free and clear of the crowd outside.

"No shit," Nicholas said. "We gotta keep our eyes on them or else they'll end up in our assess."

"Great," Spencer replied. "You keep your eyes on those little shits and I'll keep an eye on their moms, okay?" He let the door slam behind him as he left the room to gather the kids and lead them into the party room. Daryl and Nicholas rolled their eyes as he left.

"Does his shit actually work?" Daryl asked. "He's always talking about seducing these moms, but has he even tried it? He's a fucking douche bag, they gotta be too smart to listen to his shit."

"I would hope so," Nicholas remarked. "but I don't know. He's full of shit either way."

Thirty minutes into the party and Spencer was nowhere to be found. The two other hosts would have looked for him, but they were too busy trying to corral a bunch of nine and ten year olds and keep them from sliding down the inflatables head first. Finally, when it was time for pizza, cake and presents, Daryl decided it was time for a smoke break and slipped out the back door for a moment. It was raining, but Daryl was unaware and stepped out the door and right into a puddle. "Fuck! This day cannot get any worse!"

"Oh no!" said a woman standing under an umbrella next to the door. "Dammit, you ruined your pants." She took a couple of steps closer so he would be shielded by the umbrella. "Do you have an extra set of clothes to change into?"

Daryl took a second to light his smoke "Yeah, got another uniform in my locker. Sorry, didn't mean to curse in front of ya. Didn't know you were out here."

"It's alright. If it had been me, I'd still be cursing up a blue streak. My name is Lynn."

"I'm Daryl. Your kid a guest at the party?" he asked as she lifted her own smoke to her lips.

"Yes, and thank you for taking care of him. I saw what you did."

Daryl was a little surprised. "What did I do? Who is your kid?"

"He's the little blonde boy you helped off the slide. Bounce houses aren't really his thing; he only came to the party to be with his friends. He and Carl are pretty close and he couldn't stand the thought of missing out on this. He's slightly autistic and has a few issues; falling is one of them. He broke his leg when he was two and swears he remembers it, but I'm grateful you helped him. He told me how nice you were."

"Your welcome, and so is he; seems like a good kid. I could tell how scared and nervous he was up there; I know how that feels when you're in a group of kids. He's very polite; kept thanking me the whole

time. Is he okay now?"

Lynn threw her cigarette into a puddle. "He's fine thanks, we should get back inside. I'm sure your supposed to help with the festivities." He held the door open for her and went straight to the locker room to change clothes. By the time he made it back to the party, pizza had been served and the parents were milling about in the hallway. Somehow, Spencer had found his way back to work and everything was going off without a hitch. After the pizza, Daryl helped hand out cake and ice cream, and noticed Lynn standing in the doorway waving at her son. Daryl took a piece of cake and some ice cream to the cute little blonde boy and waved at his mother as he knelt down to speak to him for a moment.

Just a few minutes later, Daryl had a plate of cake and ice cream in each hand and went looking for Lynn. She was loitering in the hallway talking to one of the other mother's when he walked up to her. "I wasn't sure if you had gotten a piece of cake, so I thought I'd bring you one. Your son said you would probably like it."

"Thank you Daryl. I hadn't decided if I was going to have one or not, but thanks for relieving me of that dreaded decision," she said as she laughed and took the plate from him. They stood there, eating their cake and ice cream in silence, only stealing glances at each other until both plates were empty. Daryl took Lynn's from her and went back to the room to dispose of them. When it was finally time for presents, Nicholas and Spencer took over; Daryl stood by the door watching and waiting to see where he would be needed next, when Lynn walked up to him and asked if they could speak privately in the hall; he nodded his head and lead her out the door.

"Is there a problem? Is your son okay?" He asked her once they were far enough from the party.

"Oh, my son is fine. He's having a blast, but something did happen earlier and I don't know if it's worth doing anything about."

"Tell me what happened and I'll try to help ya best I can."

She exhaled sharply, preparing herself. "Not too long after the kids started playing around, one of the guys started talking to me. He was telling me that I should have my son's party here and offered to show me one of the vacant playrooms. He told me we could try out one of the bounce houses if I wanted to. Does he do that a lot? To other moms, I mean. Because I don't know if anyone has filed a complaint against him or not, but I'm thinking he probably shouldn't be doing that here."

Daryl wasn't surprised by what she said, and offered her the best advice he could. "That would have been Spencer. If he made you feel uncomfortable or not safe, or anything like that, you should complain. I don't know if he's ever actually done anything like that before, but he's always making rude remarks about the moms; he's always disappearing. I figure he's been trying to pick up all the women he could. I can take you to the manager, you can talk to her."

"I don't want to cause any trouble," she said.

"You'd be doing us all a favor to be honest. The kids will be busy

for at least thirty more minutes with the presents then they got an hour of play time after that. Let me take you to Sasha, she'll take care of everything.

Sasha was appreciative of Lynn coming forward to file a complaint. Although she had no official proof until now, the manager had suspected Spencer's behavior for a while. Twenty minutes later, Lynn left with a promise that he would be in Sasha's office when the party was over. "You should feel good about what you did," Daryl told her as they walked back to the playroom. "Douche bag like him doesn't need to be doing shit like that."

"He's young and dumb, and doesn't know any better. I should thank you though, for helping me out. You're a good man Daryl." Lynn stopped in the middle of the hallway and leaned up against the wall. "You know, I was thinking. My son is having a great time, and maybe he would like to have his party here. Do you think you could show me around? Maybe give me a tour of one of the empty playrooms?"

Daryl smiled at her and took her hand. "Yeah, I think I can do that." He led her down a different hallway in the opposite direction until they came to a huge set of double doors. "This one is empty. If you like it, I can book it for his party." The room was in darkness, and Daryl flipped a switch on the wall inside the doorway. The lighting was dim, but good enough to see the room well. There were about four or five bounce houses and two inflatable slides, one on each side of the room.

"This is much bigger than the other room. I don't know if he'll need this much space." Lynn stated as she walked around. Daryl walked up behind her, close enough that she could feel his breath on her neck.

"It's better to have too much space than not enough," he replied and placed his hands on her hips, pulling her back into him. "Would you like to inspect them? I can show them to you, let you try them out if you want," he whispered in her ear.

Goosebumps covered her arms, and the hair on the back of her neck stood up. "That's a good idea. I should make sure they're safe, ya know." He began to walk, pushing her toward the nearest one; it had basketball goals on either side, and was littered with balls. Daryl took off his shoes and went in first, throwing all the balls outside into the room. He then offered her his hand and helped her inside. She didn't have a good sense of balance on the best day and began to wobble around as soon as her bare feet hit the inflatable. He put his arms around her waist to steady her and took the opportunity to smell her. The mix between her perfume and shampoo was intoxicating and Daryl could barely stand on his own feet because of it. He leaned in and softly put his lips on the skin at the base of her neck and her knees went weak.

"I got you," he promised her and wrapped her arms around his neck. He continued kissing her shoulder and worked his way up her neck and eventually to her lips. They both began to wobble and landed on the bounce house floor where they erupted in giggles until Lynn started unbuttoning Daryl's shirt and running her hands and mouth over his chest. He hadn't been touched by a woman in a long time, and had forgotten how good it felt. He took her by the neck and brought her lips back to his. He wished he could take his time and explore her,

but that wasn't a luxury they had. "I need you now," he said in a husky voice. He roughly laid her down on her back and slid her pants off her legs, while she lifted her shirt above her head revealing a white, lace bra. He growled with lust and undid his own pants, pulling them down past his ass. Realizing that this might not be the best position to fuck in a bouncy house, he lay down behind her and pulled her top leg backward over his hip. He reached around and ran his fingers over her entrance, grazing her clit in the process. She gasped loudly and moaned with need. She was wet; wetter than he'd ever known a woman to get, and he felt his dick grow harder. He rubbed her a little more, enough to spread her juices and entered her with one finger. She was so hot and tight, he groaned into her neck.

"How long has it been sweetheart? How long has it been since you were fucked good and proper? You're so wet and needy, aren't you? Tell me how badly you need me to fuck you." His hips were thrusting into her backside and his cock was leaking pre come on her ass. His other arm snaked under her body and he pulled down the cups of her bra. He squeezed and pulled her nipples while his teeth ghosted over the skin on her neck, all while he continued to fuck her with his finger.

"It's been months. I can't stand it anymore; I ache so bad. I need to be fucked, please. Fuck me hard Daryl." Those words were like honey to him and he withdrew his fingers from her and pumped his cock a couple of times before entering her in one clean thrust. His size was a shock to her system at first, she had never felt so full, and decided that before she left today, she was going to a long, hard look at that amazing cock. He pumped himself inside her ruthlessly and without hesitation, and she immediately felt her first orgasm building. She tried to be as quiet as she could, uttering only muted whines and soft whimpers, while he grunted and groaned behind her. One of his hands loosely settled at the base of her neck while the other continued to assault her breasts, pinching, pulling and slapping them.

"Fuck your pussy's so hot, so tight; you're gonna squeeze the come right outta me." Daryl felt like he was beginning to lose consciousness; his head was swimming and his heart was beating out of his chest. "Tell me how good it feels to be fucked like this. Tell me how good my cock makes you feel sweetheart."

"It's never felt like this before. I've never been fucked this good, by such a big cock. Ahh, fuck. I'm gonna come Daryl."

"Yes baby, come all over my big cock. Let loose, show my cock how much you love it." He felt her muscles contract as she came hard; he had to cover her mouth to keep her from screaming. He didn't slow down when she went limp in his arms; his pace increased and his thrusts came faster and harder. "That was fucking beautiful. You feel so good squeezing my dick like that. I want ya to do it again sweetheart; I want that pussy to make me come."

She moaned and moved her hips back onto Daryl's cock eagerly as his hand crept around her body to massage her clit. His lips were hot on her neck and she moved her arm behind her to hold his head in place. He could feel his orgasm tingling at the base of his spine; his thrusts became jerky and he lost his rhythm coming hard inside her, and Lynn milked him for every ounce in him. He held her as they came

down and their breathing and heart rates returned to normal.

"This wasn't a bad fucking day after all," Daryl said breathlessly into Lynn's ear as she giggled. He turned her body to face him as he slipped out of her. "You're absolutely amazing," he said and kissed her again. A glimpse of his watch told him that there was thirty minutes left until the party was over. "We should get back to the party. I bet your son is wondering where you are, and Nicholas and Spencer are probably pitching pussy fits without me." Lynn knew he was right, but felt sad that their time was over so soon. Daryl carefully crawled around and collected her discarded pants, and she caught sight of his cock. It was very long and thick, and she wanted to be filled with it again. He helped her get out of the inflatable without injury to either of them and put himself back together as she redressed.

They stopped short before walking through the double doors and back to the party. He leaned her up against the wall and kissed her one last time. "I'm glad I met you," Daryl said to her. "I never thought something like this would happen to me in this place. You're amazing and I would love to see you again, if you want."

She caressed his cheek with her thumb. "Mmmm, I think I'd like that. You were magnificent; I think I may have to bring my son back more often."

Daryl pulled a business card out and a pen out of his shirt pocket. "You don't have to bring him back here just to see me. Call me, I can take you out, or we could stay in; whatever you want." She took the card from him and slipped it in her back pocket. They walked back to the playroom together, but went their separate ways once they returned.

As she had promised, Sasha pulled Spencer into her office the moment the guests began to leave. Daryl had a smirk on his lips when he saw the man's backside disappear behind her door. "I don't think I've ever seen you smile Daryl. What's the occasion? And where were you? You were gone for almost an hour." Nicholas asked as he walking into the locker room.

"I don't think Spencer is gonna be working here for much longer, that makes me smile. And I was helping out one of the parents. She's thinking about having her kids party here and I was showing her the big room."

"Showing her the big room, huh? Did she like the big room, Daryl?" Nicholas asked laughing.

Daryl blushed a nice shade of pink. "I think she did," he replied and laughed along with the other man. "You have her to thank for Spencer losing his job. He hit on her and she filed a complaint. You know Sasha's been looking for a reason to can his ass."

"If you see her again, tell her thanks from me; I can't stand that dick," Nicholas said as he slammed his locker shut. "You should be wearing a fucking cape man; dispose of the bad guy and get the girl. You're my hero. Take me under your wing sensei, show me the ways."

"Stop it." Daryl said, smirking. "Get the fuck home and do whatever

the fuck you do. Leave me alone." Nicholas and Daryl walked out into the lobby together, but Sasha stopped the older man before he was out the door.

"Tell your girl I said thank you. Spencer walks out that door today, he's not ever coming back." she told Daryl.

"Where is he now?" he asked.

"In the big room cleaning up his mess," she responded.

"What mess?" Daryl asked, wide eyed.

"I found evidence that he's been having sex in one of the inflatables. He denied it, but it couldn't be anyone but him. He is pissed that I'm making him clean it up."

"Serves him right; he should know better than to whip it out at work." They said their goodbyes and Daryl walked out the door with a big shit eating grin on his face.

End  
file.